

DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 345 956

SO 021 519

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TITLE What I Have Learned about Global Education.
PUB DATE 21 Jun 90
NOTE 34p.; Paper presented at the Annual Meeting of the
Social Science Education Consortium (Evanston, IL,
June 21, 1990).
PUB TYPE Speeches/Conference Papers (150)
EDRS PRICE MF01/PC02 Plus Postage.
DESCRIPTORS Curriculum Development; *Educational Change;
Elementary Secondary Education; *Global Approach;
Social Studies; *Teaching Experience
IDENTIFIERS *Global Education

ABSTRACT

This document contains reflections upon several decades of teaching and learning in the field of global education. Developments made in global education during the 1960s and 1970s are a main focus and a set of homilies--a distillation of what the author has learned about global education--are put forth. (DB)

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WHAT I HAVE LEARNED ABOUT GLOBAL EDUCATION

James M. Oswald

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What I Have Learned About Global Education

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I was teaching at Syracuse University in April of 1972 when a telephone call came from a representative of the American Universities Field Staff (AUFS). They'd been reading SOCIAL SCIENCE EDUCATION, Journal of the New York State Council for the Social Studies, which I was editing. Following an interview visit, I accepted a position and joined the global AUFS team.

Since returning from a brief but life changing exploration of East and Southeast Asia through a Fulbright-Hays Study Grant at the University of Singapore Extramural Programs Division (in conjunction with Washington University at St. Louis) in 1967, I had been striving to help my North American people see how small and fragile the world really was. Departing Asia that September, I reasoned "these intelligent, cultured Asian people do not need me, they know everything essential and have been surviving tens of thousands of years. We can learn from them. I have work to do at home."

The next year, I wrapped up doctoral degree requirements at Stanford University, bid farewell to colleagues at American Institutes for Research where our Grades 1-12 Project PLAN, Planned Learning in Accordance With Needs, computer-supported national curriculum project was completing the developmental and field-testing stage, headed east with wife and two children to the capitol city to serve as a Washington Intern in Education. Again, I felt that I could leave a secure and happy situation to face new opportunities.

It had always been that way with me. I left home for college painlessly at eighteen, left college, left military active duty, departed the wonderful tenure of a decade serving in Utah. Now, I could depart from the mentoring of Paul Hanna and Richard Gross, Eliot Eisner and Ernest Hilgard, John Flanagan and William Shanner, Mary Willis and George Spindler, Lee Cronbach and Dexter Fletcher, N.L. Gage and Tom Quirk, Warren Green and Ted Feeley, Robert Mager and David Hawkrige. I had worked with the best and the bravest. It was alright to move on.

In 1968, we began enculturation as citizens of Megalopolitan "Boswash" and traveled through the nation meeting people, leaders and workers, developing a "national consciousness" and learning what needed to be done. From New York City's Ocean Hill

Brownsville School District to Appalachia, San Quentin and the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions at Santa Barbara and Los Angeles, we gathered insights and observed America. We were in Tom Bradley's Los Angeles office and Kevin White's in Boston. Robert Hutchins, S.I. Hayakawa and Berkeley's Dr. Kretch took time to meet with us. We questioned then and media representatives do now. Relentlessly. We were curious and adventuresome. Senators and Representatives met with us, we sat in on Congressional hearings, breakfasting on Capitol Hill and visiting embassies evenings. Don Mitchell kept us organized and moving. We turned the Washington Internships in Education (WIE) program for he and Ed Meade of the Ford Foundation into the Washington Institute for Educational Leadership (WIEL). Colleagues let me come up with the "leadership" term, I had learned it in the Army. We were a family taking on America. I felt a part of the new wave of young Americans. We were eager to serve as John Kennedy had recommended and Lyndon Johnson was making possible. Here I was at the power and intellectual center of democracy.

Living and working in Washington was thrilling. It was difficult to believe, however, that many District of Columbia citizens had never visited the Capitol - or seen it. I had not yet figured out why the residents had set fire to so many buildings and rioted. Eventually, the reasons became clear.

At a WIEL reunion recently, Ed Meade explained the motivation of my peers and I. "Someone has done something special for you, now you must go out and do something special for others." Absolutely. That makes the point.

I had fulfilled my military obligation which had me in uniform as an infantry and armor officer at least weekly since September of 1953, awaited honorable discharge documentation from the United States Army which I revered and a doctoral parchment from Stanford. To clean the slate and not be in a position of compromise, I had to set aside over a decade of military retirement points and become a free citizen with no strings attached. A soldier follows orders. That life had to be put behind, but with dignity and honorably. I waited patiently two years for paperwork to clear. Pacifists and soldiers have the same values for the most part. And I could never have done what I did without having had basic infantry officers' training. Two doors were being closed, voluntarily and at significant cost. But, I didn't want an Army pension or sinecure in balmy California when there were so many important things to learn and do as a civilian professional educator based in the populous east. A new doorway was being entered. This was my destiny, I was doing what life and times required. Someone, even me, needed to lead softly and gently, educate people for peace....

Then we moved on to Syracuse School of Education and the Maxwell Graduate School for Citizenship and Public Affairs. There, I attempted to humanize and globalize, teach, write, speak, and participate in the hopeful activism of 1969-1972. Roy Price, David Krathwohl put up with me, Scotty Campbell and his administrative assistant Donna Shalala. Nirvana in a snowstorm. Watts burned as I began doctoral studies, Washington as I completed the dissertation. Now Syracuse was experiencing the white heat of social change. Many of my students were recent returnees from Vietnam. Some were clear eyed and eighteen, athletes from coal mining towns in West Virginia and Pennsylvania, svelte sophisticates from Long Island. I advised the boys not to go to Canada, but to face reality in this country, the girls to be wary of hitchhikers. Both sexes lived in new high-rise dormitories. I learned that top secret classified Nuremburg Trials archives were at Syracuse. Some of those documents were once displayed in a coffin in the Chapel across from Maxwell School office. For a moment, I saw them. The F.B.I. and C.I.A.(?) and every police force moved in.

The record shows that I was working at diverse levels in education across the land. Teaching six days a week, advising hundreds of students at bachelor, master and doctoral degree levels. Supervising student teachers. Speaking. Attending lectures, concerts and rallies. We built geodesic domes on the Syracuse quad. I was too old to be a "hippie" or wear hair in a pigtail, still I was moved and active. Betty Reardon of the World Law Fund had me involved developing a global geography project with Estella Matriano, "EARTHSHIP: Four-Dimensional Geography of Spaceship Earth," Jim Robinson and others of the Biological Sciences Curriculum Study engaged me on a team developing Human Science Middle-School Project materials including "HUMANSELF." Neither traditional geographers or life scientists particularly respected what we were trying to do. Their fear was respectable. Change will be avoided. Yet students and teachers in schools seemed to respond favorably. They encouraged us to proceed through pain and flames. The United States Office of Education (USOE) and American Anthropological Association sponsored "Guided Self-Analysis," a teacher training effort which I learned from and worked in with Ted Parsons, Fred Gearing and Dan Birch of the University of California at Berkeley, University of Buffalo and Simon Frazier University. They had the ideas. I helped to facilitate their transmission. National Science Foundation (NSF) funded my proposals for teacher training on "Anthropology and Education" and, later, "Humanizing and Globalizing Social Science Education." I could hop a Mohawk Airlines plane at Syracuse at seven in the morning, be in Washington before nine, even if we stopped at Ithaca. Dorothy took care of the family, I was taking care of the world.... It was the best of times amidst the worst of times. Some in society still believed they could relish both guns and butter. I was urging oatmeal and maple syrup, kimchi

and chapatis, suggesting that people try using chopsticks and sometimes eat with the fingers of their carefully washed right hand.

In 1972, USOE was willing to fund "international-intercultural curriculum development," a "pedagogical framework" was desired and "exemplary materials." I was willing and able, terribly pleased and fearless, willing to pull up stakes for an AUFS assignment. The Army had taught us that professional life is a series of duty stations. The place isn't the thing of importance, but the task to be done. If all this failed, I reflected, they'll have me back in Utah. Nothing ventured nothing gained. When opportunity smiled at me, I smiled back. "Yes," I could not refuse the offer to attempt the challenge. Duty called. I responded.

This was fruition. I'd served loyally in the United States Army, aware of everything happening in the 1950's and 1960's. Nuclear experiments had blown up all around me, I had been close to the first one at White Sands Desert Proving Ground that July morning in 1945 when it appeared that two suns were rising, knew Los Alamos at age ten and had reverently pilgrimaged at thirty-two to Hiroshima and Nagasaki. I'd served as classroom teacher and a K-12 social studies supervisor nine years in Salt Lake City Public Schools. I'd written, edited, field tested all the new experimental social studies projects, helped design new schools for a population explosion and traveled. Not many colleagues had been in Cambodia on the Vietnam border in 1967, careened to avoid bullets in a Peugeot along the Mekong from Phnom Penh to Siem Reap and Angkor Wat, seen the nightly war on the mountains separating Thailand and Burma, or stood on the border of China and Hong Kong staring in the eyes of a fully armed communist soldier one inch away. I'd grown up on the Texas-New Mexico-Mexico frontier and was comfortable in mixed cultural situations. Hearing several languages daily was familiar to me. I'd trained foot soldiers and tankers. Avoiding scorpions and surviving on dew and urine if need be, I'd taught them and learned myself not to be afraid of change or variety, not anything. A warrior is fearless, peaceful, a true warrior makes peace without using violence. Aikido - use any aggressor's force, merely reflect it back so that he defeats himself.

Earlier, I had known Lyndon Johnson, corresponded and shaken his hand. He always answered letters, even from a child. I was "one of Lyndon's boys," it seemed to me. He and his generation, my father's, had suffered to educate us - to get us out into the world with some skills and awareness. I felt the deepest of gratitude, yet had to confront the current national elders for they were murdering innocents, our own and those others all trapped in the hellishness of unnecessary war. I wrote him that it was wrong to send mostly black soldiers to die in combat.... Policy changed. He hadn't realized.... When in a bind, Lyndon

could change.

Richard Nixon could not. With students I had marched on Washington in opposition to senselessness, caused Richard Nixon sleepless nights, been prodded and tear gassed in the "Capitol of Liberty" twice. The first time, I saw Washington burning and went without food a day, for the government's tear gas had fouled air conditioning and kitchens at the Statler Hilton Hotel during my initial trip to that city. Then, I wore a suit and interviewed for a position as a Washington Intern In Education. It was eerie when, on my first visit to the United States Office of Education, electrical power failed and we were trapped in a dark capsule in a shaft in a dark building. The war has come home was exactly what I thought at that moment in 1968. Now, a few years later, I was in denims and infantryman's boots with my Army field jacket staring at local police. We put flowers in their gun barrels, sweet boys most. Spiritually, we could feel their positive vibrations. Many smiled. Soldiers and policemen were similarly innocent, role playing, trapped kids. Some, there were bullies, prodded us with their truncheons, kicked and gassed us as we lay in the intersection in front of that same Hilton Hotel where I had first slept in Washington. This time it was sunny, no longer in flames. Tough as things were, America was making progress. Arrests filled the busses with the youngest. I missed that opportunity. We were helping to "stop the war" in Vietnam. I told David Packard to "stop it" and he replied, "We are trying." We were in fact helping the authorities put the monstrous genie back in a bottle. Only the president and Carl MacIntyre saw holiness in the massacre. Evil must have a few supporters. I was willing to take any reasonable challenges to help make a peaceful and better world. I had three children. Their world had to be better than mine.... Had I not written the anti-war declaration which Ted Fenton read to the National Council for the Social Studies, House of Delegates meeting in Houston? Hadn't the concept of opposing and terminating war in Vietnam become openly spoken by even mild social studies teachers. Most were brave, many frightened, only a few cowered, similarly few could speak out. We were engaging in democracy. When I was scared, I thought of Rob McKeown at Berkeley and Dick Streb at Columbia, they were scholar idealists with spine and tenderness. Their model behaviors strengthened mine. I had become an activist, if a pedantic one.

We were developing a Middle Human Science Curriculum (MHSC) for the National Science Foundation through a Biological Sciences Curriculum Study Project at the University of Colorado. It was holistic, mentally healthy, based on Jean Piaget's observations of how learning actually takes place and how concepts naturally form. Intermediate grade school students were studying "Man A Course of Study," from the Educational Development Center at Harvard, which excited us all. MHSC sought to make a contribution building on these pioneering efforts, centering our

project on grades 6 through 9. Something needed to be done for the high schools.... At AUFS, we would be working on materials for social studies and social science classrooms, grades 9 through 12. Maybe human understanding could be advanced, we thought. It was worth a try. Interesting. Exhilarating. So far, I had survived and been successful in terms of perceiving problems and peacefully resolving them - with a bit of hutzpah. Things were moving. It was our time. At thirty-six, these seemed to be the right things to be concerned about.

Aren't the so-called "lost causes" the only really worth fighting for? We were swimming in heady brew.

So my family departed snowy upstate New York for colder Hanover, New Hampshire where AUFS headquartered in the shelter of Dartmouth College. It wasn't easy to depart. I have roots everywhere I've lived and left bridges of friendship. We were just moving a few miles eastward, I'd forever be a part of Syracuse as I was of Stanford.... Though officed in Hanover, I had a graduate assistant in Tuscaloosa at the University of Alabama. We were linked with the southern states college accrediting organization based in Atlanta. AUFS also had an office in New York City and eighteen adventurous writers in as many locales around the world. This consortium of colleges and universities had survived since 1948, supported by sponsoring institutions including Indiana, Kansas, Michigan State, Wisconsin and Brown Universities, Dartmouth College, University of California at Berkeley, University of Hawaii, the California Institute for Technology.... I was to develop an international-intercultural curriculum project for secondary schools with a staff of three plus the graduate assistant. My role as "principal investigator" was full time. An editor and secretary each served half time. We all worked time and a half in fact, for there was so much to do, so little time. We were preparing for a peaceful, humane post-war world with classrooms and teachers interested in having significant experiences with cultures other than their own. Separately, but in tandem, Associates Norman and Judy Miller with a film crew were documenting subsistence living in five cultures around the world for "higher education." Tides were turning, funding precarious. People in power had not yet decided whether to tolerate peace. Recessions slapped us, oil crises turned off the lights. Anyone could feel it, America was out of control. Soon we would sustain the shock waves of "Watergate." The dragons were still fighting, yet at the edge of their epoch. We waited and prayed for a new era of peace. Swords into plowshares. Would we ever see it? We realized the risks and went forward. Human understanding, we reasoned, had to be helped along. It was a heady, exhilarating, sometimes ridiculous and funny time fraught with opportunity and danger. Pain and pleasure.

I lived and loved every moment from 1965 through 1975.

From the little airport at Lebanon, New Hampshire, I'd fly out at seven of a morning if skies permitted. When necessary, I'd ride the bus to Boston or train to New York City. Wherever they'd have me, I would speak, demonstrate, teach model lessons. I flew home on weekends, learned the ways of low budget hotels, some incredibly decadent and scroungy, made breakfast the meal for the day and carried energy food in my pockets. We wrote and edited, wrote reams and threw half away. Get it perfect, we challenged ourselves. Do it over until you get it just right. Write all day, write all night. Words flew. We were scripting symphonies. I was in orbit, developing materials and then field-testing them, speaking, trying to excite and motivate people until the string finally ran out. USOE could no longer fund us after 1975. I could no longer face the lonely nights on the road away from family. I needed to get my feet on the ground again, after all the high flying, get a solid job in a small school district and educate against fascism....

After a respite in Bermuda, I commenced new work in Emmaus, Pennsylvania among the Pennsylvania Deutsch. The first night, sounds of an explosion brought us to the sidewalk from our new house. We observed a flaming car half a block away. "Someone didn't pay their drug bill," a neighbor wryly commented. Nearby, ex-soldiers from the Vietnam experience were playing the "game of life," taking turns firing pistols to their heads. Two lost and precipitated a lengthy legal debate over whether survivors of this game can be tried for murder. Marijuana was growing in nearby fields. It was marketed on the streets on Sunday and everyday from bicycles and pick-up trucks. For the young first timers it was often free.... A drugged neighbor boy shot his father, an executive at IBM. Chet wound up, after we'd left that village in 1978, hanging himself, I believe from a tree in front of his home on that same street. What was happening in Emmaus was going on all over the land. The 1960's were beginning to seem peaceful. Life continued to surprise me.

America couldn't keep external war going, had new wars going on inside. And we who loved study, living on books and ideas, knew peace was possible and the better way, had no sanctuary. It was deeply troubling. Would we ever see healthiness and happiness abounding again? Our efforts to recreate Camelot through global education had evolved into new levels of opportunity. How could any pedagogical strategies meet these challenges. Johnny couldn't and wouldn't read, he preferred pot and rock, "Kiss" reflected the quality of the times. More than curriculum development projects would be required.

We were productive and sharing during the curriculum development period, 1972 through 1975. Some may remember our FIELDSTAFF PERSPECTIVES, teaching-learning packets for grades 9 through 12, with reading difficulties spanning lower and higher levels of ability. They, and the conceptual model upon which they were based, were and are our contribution to the curriculum revolution of that period.

MAN AT AQ KUPRUK, an intra-cultural study
SOUTHEAST ASIA, UNITY AMONG DIVERSITY, an infra-cultural study
PERSPECTIVES ON AFRICA, an infra-cultural study
URBANIZATION: CITIES AROUND THE WORLD, an inter-cultural study
LOOKING AT OURSELVES: U.S.A. 1975, an intro-cultural study

We could have gone on and wanted to. But tides had changed. By 1975, neither Washington officialdom, corporate or educational institutions dared risk further adventure with intellectually sound global cultural studies. We and our ilk were anathema. Others suffered much more. Some of the best curriculum developers were openly attacked in state legislatures of Washington and by textbook committees. Between McCarthy and Helms there have been many demagogues. And the worst are never in Washington or state capitols. School boards are the real front line. Whatever ails people will be put raw before local school boards, America's lowest level public arena. Those sensible volunteer who serve on these deserve the highest honors for bravery. I have seen and worked with the best.

Manon Spitzer, Libby Tate and I did our best at AUFS, 1972 through 1975. It seemed like a decade. We compressed lifetimes into a few years. We were ridiculously underfunded, yet miracles unfolded. Good fortune was with us. Steve Whitman printed everything needed at costs so low we couldn't believe them. Alan Horton, AUFS head, was committed to truth and benevolent. When I departed he said, "Your work speaks for itself." Never did he intervene or even criticize us. It was spiritual. We must have been on the right track. The Fieldstaff Report files were a gold mine with diamonds. From their outposts Fieldstaff Associates reported steadily. We had a sense of feeling and knowing what was going on in the world. Everything fell into place. Garlan Hoskin kept accounts in order, parsimoniously. These were the first three years of my life sustained without a salary or allowance raise. But we did it. Within budgets. We gritted and redoubled efforts when they were cut.

In Washington, Julia Petrov was totally supportive. She gave good advice and was a sound intellectual. Looking back, I imagine she was a buffer. If there was flack, she never passed it on, only encouragement...in her East European accent.... I

think she realized even more than we did that this was important work and had to be done.

Lloyd Whitman appeared from Princeton to do cartography for a song. If we didn't have money, he'd work for free. He "needed to keep in practice" he told me. Tan Tiong Liat read everything and critiqued from Singapore. Fieldstaff Associates reviewed every piece we wrote. Credibility, accuracy, authenticity were our by-words. It was imperative that we get everything correct. Everyone we asked helped. Teachers volunteered to field test these materials, scholars to review them. I ran to keep up with this loving global volunteerism of truth tellers. No effort ever had more or better human support.

Jean Chall at Harvard and Roger Johnson at Florida State, and their students, independently assessed the "readability" of each of our hundreds of readings, told us their appropriate grade level which we then listed for teachers and students. They worked to meet schedules, never missed one, earned not a farthing.

Each FIELDSTAFF PERSPECTIVES packet contained some hundred items: an audio-cassette with sounds and music of the culture or cultures, precisely written and authenticated readings, a simulation, full color photographs along with many in black and white, maps and other related graphics. Instructional goals and objectives were explicit, the teacher was provided with a sequence of concepts and left free to adapt as wisdom suggested. The packets each provided an inventory of materials and a teaching guide. We gave them at no cost to field-test teachers. Later, we privately published five packets as a commercial venture, to increase circulation. Revenues were used to print more. We sought to establish a self-supporting operation which expanded until 1975.

As the pedagogue, I incorporated every teaching-learning strategy I'd found successful in over a decade in Utah and California public schools as a social studies teacher and then supervisor 1-12 and K-12, and during graduate study at Utah University and then Stanford. We field tested every item with experts specializing in these cultures, native scholars and in classrooms across America, even, when we could, in Afghanistan, Singapore, Cambodia and Switzerland. It seemed, at times, that "global education" might indeed win acceptance. Our "global cultural studies" seemed a keystone in the bridgeworks. We dealt directly with people and their patterns, not historically but as they were living at the time on the planet.

When Cambodia fell, some teachers and students there buried our materials "for later retrieval" in the ground near a teachers' college. Then that dedicated staff fled, one to Hawaii, most probably to their deaths. Our Afghan village, Aq Ku pruk, was

bombed in the past decade by the Soviets. A Kenyan road project eliminated the East African Boran village we'd studied. Chinese island people subsisting at the edge of urbanization sold their land to developers, gave up boats and nets, moved into the concrete towers of modern Hong Kong. Around the world subsistence people and their villages were simply destroyed.

Today the same process is going on in different theaters. This is "development" or "westernization" whereby forests are burned and the fleeing natives shot, those who have not yet succumbed to alcohol, sex and disease. Someday, people have to quit doing this. It would be better to stop before continuation is not possible. I never liked "killing Indians," prayed that Vietnam would be the "last Indian war." The temptation seems irresistible for some, however, who kill natives so that cows can graze and be killed to feed richer people.

War is merely an incident of global industrialization, urbanization, monetization, socialization. Development, war, deforestation, decertification, homelessness, family breakdown, addiction, malnutrition, anxiety and aggression are negative concomitants of human behavior en masse. It is unconscious and conscious, planned and unplanned negative phenomena. There are also positives. We are in a period of adjustment and adaptation. Lifeforms are out of balance and humans are the most dangerous creatures.

Will we ever come to our senses and stop the killing?

Subsistence people, as we expected, were to be driven off the lands we were studying which they had held from times immemorial. The modernization and Europeanization and technologization of the world are masks for stronger people eliminating weaker. People push people around. Dominant, technological societies displace agrarian subsistence cultures. Food production is technologized. Displaced people must cope and fend for themselves. The world was changing more rapidly than ever in the early 1970's, negative forces had accelerated. It seemed vital to study these patterns as objectively as possible, but not without passion. Old worlds were disappearing, our job was to prepare people for the new and help them perceive ways to avoid victimization themselves. I hoped that American students and teachers would get the hint, start adjusting their behaviors to slow the destructive processes. We knew there would never again be such a time. Our opportunity, and our students', was to freeze examples of subsistence life and adaptive behavior patterns in history with pictures, words, maps, games, and sounds.

And, we did it.

Others also succeeded. We were in competition with no one. A plethora of curriculum projects made their marks and because of them the world is better. Recycling and composing have become vogue again, presidents Bush and Gorbachov are hugging. It's way past time for reconciliation. Americans cannot sustain the current lifestyle, must make many more adaptations before we are returned to a steady-state society which can persist indefinitely. War is out. Physical violence must go. Drugs are a symptom, not a solution. Wholesome, thoughtful, caring seeds were planted in the heyday of global education. Subsequently, a thousand flowers have bloomed. It wasn't the end of time, just a transitional stage. We adjusted and presented others with alternatives to consider. What we couldn't finish, our children and others can work on. I observe that they, the best of them, are increasingly capable and on many fronts doing exactly what needs to be done.

The worst behaviors are internally wishing, hoping they too will be invited to the planetary success planning party. Among them are to be found the very brightest.

The poor and problems will be with us always.

The rich can and ought to be kind.

The archival collections of FIELDSTAFF PERSPECTIVES and the FIELDSTAFF films can at any future time be dusted off and reconsidered by anyone interested in the drama and process of change. They, and we, are now artifacts. When researchers research and developers re-develop, they should look at the treasures we left them. It's all accessible. And the young people who studied through our process can yet be found.

Every few years, I reflect back on that period of renaissance in global education and wonder. What else could we have done? My psyche and soul are satisfied, we did our best though it was pitifully feeble. Still, even if the effort and artifacts are forgotten, no matter. We've come out of caves, seen the light, survived tunnels and bridges, fallen and picked ourselves up, climbed over the mountaintops, sang in cosmos, had ample intrinsic rewards.

Isn't communion with others and universe and self-realization the goal?

I believe that in future decades, that moment in history between Presidents Kennedy and Carter will be judged as uniquely fruitful as regards curriculum development for United States public schools. Between Eisenhower and Reagan a cycle of human history has come and gone. Now, we begin anew with Bush and Gorbachov. What needs to be done is apparent as peas on a plate. There can be no progress without our willingness to again change.

The record of global education thus far reveals failures and successes. Rejection and acceptance are both important for perspective. We failed, but not fatally. We also succeeded for here we are alive, we survived. Didn't we, not me but all of us, make a mark? We were motivated. Change had to come, we had to act. But why then and why us?

Sputnik, spurred us, the Soviets have been curiously helpful friends. We outdid ourselves and had to. Peter Dow, Bob Hanvey, Bill Hering, Jim Eckenrod, Howard Mehlinger, Nick and Suzanne Helburn, Marion Rice, Ted Fenton and many others were outstanding in the social studies and social science education. Roy Price and Jim Becker led early, others continued the thrust. From diverse platforms, there were many of us, more than I can name. Merrill Hartshorn, Irving Morrisett, Gerald Marker, Francis Link and others facilitated. Don Bigelow, Al Schmeider, Dick Jorgensen, our sterling funding officer Julia Petrov and others at United States Office of Education kept us motivated. It truly was a movement. There were good people at every level, thinkers and workers, people who were incorruptible. Something big was happening. There was a national effort to try to begin to think globally.

Too few heeded the call. Look in the newspapers and see where this has led. Not enough constructive, positive change was allowed to occur. We won and lost. Things are better, things are worse.

I perceive that more things are better and improving.

Plenty of work remains before global education is fully global and people really understand people. Careers starting now can have a full run.

I did my part in my little sector. Of our tiny AUFS team, I remain proud. How could we have done so much with so little? We were enlivened beyond ourselves. I live with no regrets, treasure lifelong friendships but for global education could never have begun.

What I have learned through the years, and continue to refine, is a simple set of homilies. In later reincarnations, I plan to fall back on these tested knowns. Developed through my experience coping with reality, these tools I find useful even yet.

- o What we were about was "critical analysis." The intent was to excite learners to learn to learn. We wanted to move teachers and young people, help them achieve greater control in their lives and develop clearer perspectives of others in the world. We wished to abolish

the notion of "funny foreigners" and anything human being viewed as "foreign," re-establish that people are much more similar than different, everyone related - merely experiencing life in different places, roles, statuses, economies and societies. Our curricula and materials were merely bait to win the hearts and minds of people in school culture to be thoughtful and realistic. We sought to entice them to really look and see.

- o People are attracted to full color photographs of others much more than to black and white images. -Life Magazine- staff knew that long before we came along. We tested the hypothesis in classrooms in schools and colleges. It worked every time. I use color to attract, the latter to provide details. Color commands.
(We were masters of low budget production, had to succeed with minimal budget. Some \$5,000 of seed money was the total at hand for production packaging and distribution of the materials. We had to collect dollars from sales of one unit before the next one could be printed. The initial amount was fully paid back and with surplus. We left money in the bank, inventory on the shelves and a good reputation when the project ended.) Only a few color photographs could be afforded for each package so we picked those which had maximum impact and made do. Photo analysis was an effective learning strategy we found rare in classrooms then. It is not so unusual today.
- o Our pages varied from 100% to 50% to 0% photo and print. Ratio makes a difference. Developers should attend to this. Our pages varied the mix. For getting students to attend, the more pictures, the better. Photos, in our materials, correlated with the adjacent text. And we strove to balance images of females and males, varied social roles, young and old. Wasn't that pioneering? Most of what people remember is visual....
- o Sounds attract. It is important to listen to a culture, even sounds of traffic and machines. Can you identify urban sounds while blindfolded? We demonstrated that vehicles and subways sound the same in every city, that no culture is without music and conversation. Presenting a culture through printed words is perhaps the worst way. Pictures help learners, art and even

recipes. Add music and the litany of language and the scenario gains still more credibility. Get students and teachers sharing the foods of another culture and they'll never forget it. Tastes and smells are significant parts of human existence. To know a culture, one must integrate how it looks, smells, tastes, feels and sounds. Multi-sensory learning is powerful. Calvin Taylor proved it. We used multi-media and would again.

- o Simulations and games alleviate boredom. They can also teach knowledge, skills and attitudes. At least they provide an interesting alternatives to the drone of classroom existence... teacher talk.... Students who engaged in "Bazaar," trading foodstuffs and other essentials as in Aq Kupruk's bartering subsistence economy have likely never forgotten it. A teaching nun taught me how powerful this was. She said she'd never before understood how economics worked. It's never more than this: an exchange of inequalities with each party convinced the other is receiving the less valuable part. For that school day, role playing life in an ancient Afghan village, they lived in a pre-monetization primitive world. Those students and teachers surely remember the experience. Leaving traces, opening minds, creating useful behaviors and generalizable concepts is what education is about.
- o Students in typical classrooms range in reading ability over a much wider span than many realize. No two learners, readers, are alike. Successful curriculum materials accommodate all or lose a few and fail. Providing something for everybody lets everyone succeed as Gertrude Noar taught us in -Every Child A Winner-. We implemented her strategies and forever will be glad. It is no accident that 51% of homeless people in this country have not graduated from high school. This is an American dilemma rooted in failure to adequately prepare parents and teachers, provide appropriate structures and materials in schools. Not learning to read commences a downfall which has unacceptable social costs.
- o To educate the students, first the teacher must be educated. Our materials presumed an untraveled teacher with typical local and regional college academic preparation, open of heart and mind, conservative with low tolerance for risk and

committed to local values and mores. The research of the day indicated that social studies teachers, typically, had not traveled widely or competed for the higher rungs in academe. There were exceptions and we were not critical, but empathetic. Our aim was to help the typical teacher be an assured success. If the teachers can be interested, we reasoned, they'll carry their understandings to the students. Broadening the teachers' perspective leads to broadening those of students. It's cost effective and, to our knowledge, there are no alternatives so long as there are teachers. I hope they are always with us, as people, individual talents. Each product we developed had two uses in mind, first to intrigue and educate the teacher and then the student. It worked.

- o Teachers depend on textbooks and love free and inexpensive materials. They neither have access to school funds or willingness to pay much from their own purse. We were determined that staid textbooks would have some competition. Our project came and went. Textbooks stayed. Schools are terribly conservative institutions, textbooks part of the structure. "Ancillary," as we called them, or peripheral materials suffer if they must be purchased. No matter how good they are, there's rarely any budget for them even when required by state or local curriculum guides. First dollars go for textbooks. Then, through additional items may be required, there is rarely any money for them after textbooks have been obtained. Good or bad, the textbook holds its place. (France and Japan coordinate nationally, use diverse educational materials effectively, U.S. schools do so not even yet. Ironically, as European and Australian investors acquire our publishing firms, they do not thus far innovate here with materials equivalent to those used in their countries.) Our bread lacks jam. Students often lose their taste for it and exit school. Especially are the losses great among America's underclass and minorities. I sense no awareness among those who would be educational leaders of the potential young people have for learning or of their boredom with untruth, droning lectures, lack of variety in classroom activities. But for a simulation, a scholar was lost....
- o Differences exist, attract and repel. Self and other are in conflict. There is competition for attention and space. Resources are limited. Self

wants what others have at the most basic levels. There is also altruism. Fallen warriors are saved by others who risk all for a moment. We hurt others and then have regrets just as we help others instinctively and then sometimes wish we had not. Love and hate exist. Healthy competition between brothers and sisters and the both of them is preferable to the alternatives. At the root of global cultural education, any educational strategy, is the desire to bring out the best in learners. It is altruistic. And it is the barest effort at survival. If selves cannot cope with others, and around the earth, they will experience pain as they inflict it. Circles of light are preferable to vicious circles. When one truly understands another, then the self is also better understood. It is a very simple equation. Yin, yang. Fearing, disliking, and misperceiving others leads to the miseries we observe around this planet. We cannot understand and find meaning in others when we lack understanding and meaning ourselves. When attempt to look through windows they can become mirrors. Our intent was to balance the universal and provincial, micro- and macro-cosmic, urban and rural, fortunate and unfortunate, big and little, exciting and bland. Our philosophy valued microscopes and telescopes, mirrors and windows. We allowed teachers and students to self-select trajectories and pathways. The point was to awaken, vitalize, enliven and empower. For validity, I'd learned from J. Frank Dobie, the universal must contain elements of the provincial and the provincial needs to have elements of the universal. Things need to be in balance. Hopefully curriculum antiquarians will find that ours were. On a shoestring, we were striving for elegance, and at times achieved shibui.

- o Failure at one level is not general, it can co-exist along with success.... A project can live, die, and yet not die. Though FIELDSTAFF PERSPECTIVES are not concurrently marketed, all the pieces along with copies of the "pedagogical framework" for international-intercultural studies remain in archives, in ERIC. And the five hundred individual publications and audio-cassette recordings in five boxes are preserved in duplicate in the Library of Congress. Most of the graphic material is preserved on microfilm and microfiche. In case those documents are lost, the framework is in back issues of the journal of

the Indiana Council for the Social Studies. If ever they're needed again, our acorns are stored around. I am an historian and know how documents are "preserved." More importantly, though, our students were touched, and their teachers. Lives were changed including ours. When we observe the "greening of America," it seems that many of our goals are being achieved. People are taking interest, getting active. It feels good to think that many of these wise young people coming into power are our students from yesteryears. Oh, it feels good. Plants die, seeds survive. Good seeds survive many droughts. We knew we would not continue the USOE/AUFS global education effort long, took precautions to leave traces and a trail. We failed and succeeded. Nothing worthwhile really fails.

- o What people like they may take. Early on we learned that the most interesting things among our materials often disappeared first. It is poignant that at my present College four FIELDSTAFF PERSPECTIVES modules were taken. They disappeared. I'm delighted that the blue boxes were attractive. So far as I am concerned, this is successful unobtrusive social science research, designing stimuli and observing their usage and disassembly. Alas. The untouched remaining item on our shelves is that fifth packet, the intro-cultural study entitled "LOOKING AT OURSELVES: U.S.A. 1975." I smile and nearly weep every time I see that label. It's been on view for years, still no one takes it. People don't take what discomforts them. Many feared to open that particular box.... It was difficult for people to look into the mirror analytically then, is no easier today. So we have a few artifacts. Teachers and students took the others and, we hope, continue to reflect and put them to use. The items were designed so that they could be locally reproduced. We encouraged that. Perhaps, somewhere, they're photocopying FIELDSTAFF PERSPECTIVES and traveling teachers and students are writing their own observations as we urged. Materials aren't important except as tools for a moment. What matters is whether and how people think.
- o Global Cultural Studies is a movement here to stay. These exact words are not important, global cultural studies, but the deep meaning expressed. The concept is acceptable today, world-class.... (It wasn't easy being mocked by insecure

pseudo-academics in the early 1970's. One wag said, that's not a respectable academic term." But karma brings justice, I've seen surly mouths depart from academic endeavors, one into real estate which I felt was quite fitting. The common sense of "one world," "one planet," "one people," "we are more alike than different" and "we are all one" is not dead or rejected. Indeed, these themes play very well in these new times. I hear them in young people's music, see them everywhere in art and environmental conservation expressions. Look at this new world we are living in. Right now Russians are studying in the U.S. Soon, significant numbers of Americans will be visiting and studying in the U.S.S.R. Recently, Mr. Gorbachov spoke at Stanford saying "The Cold War is over. The past is the past." Mr. Bush has gathered governors, like a teacher, requiring these students to clarify and develop consensus around educational goals. We know what is coming. The U.S.A. and U.S.S.R. are natural friends and allies. We had "Vietnam," then "Afghanistan." Such madness cannot be sustained. Citizens will not easily cower or allow deception. The U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. have to change. The world will not tolerate giant bullies. We have mellowed. They're mellowing. The whole world is becoming more realistic. I am optimistic that people are learning how to live together. "Transnational" cooperation is now taken seriously. That was a controversial term at one time. We struggled in our project materials with the new term "decertification" studying the "Sahel." Now, everywhere, there is concern for "reforestation" and look at the polls of peoples' values regarding "pollution." A "CANAMEX" economy has developed in North America. Communism has collapsed as a hope for anybody, only the tyranny and tedious bureaucratic controls remain and their clench is loosening. Family and ethnic loyalties remain strong. We're seeing a baby boom again in the United States. Aq Kupruk is no doubt being resettled and rebuilt in Afghanistan. Our Singapore has blossomed into a model world city. What we hoped would again happen in terms of peace, democratization and demilitarization is occurring. Our small effort to interest people in global cultural studies was in fact only a part of a chorus. The AUFS project was a reflection of larger cultural changes in which millions were participating. Never were we alone. Nor are we presently. Life goes on, ours and

everyone else's. I believe our simple materials touched tens of thousands and helped them see the world whole, set about finding truth. We were never the only ones with this interest and mission, nor did we think we were. There was a great feeling of fellowship among the projects. I'd read and heard that circus people helped one another and had a larger sense of family, it occurred to me more than once that we too were kin. "I'm up on a tightwire" sang Leon Russell in a medley he titled "Carney." That music and its metaphors seemed to express what we too were doing. I'd not say our efforts were the best. They were only our best. We worked among giants with great talents. Perhaps others' efforts were the deciding ones. Hurrah if they were. The point is, no one is laughing about "Global Cultural Studies" these days. The concepts are pretty well integrated all over the place, around the world....

- o -Sui generis- is a term I learned in a course on anthropology and education. A thing gives birth to itself. It's a useful expression. Our efforts, mine and others', just started. We had to do what we did. Everything before led to this point of activity. It was our dharma, a mission. Nothing done can be completely erased. From one experience comes another, another. After the FIELDSTAFF PERSPECTIVES experience, opportunity re-appeared in two forms. Lee and Charlotte Anderson allowed me to work on a fourth grade textbook with June Chapin and Roger LaRaus. Jane Libby brought me down from secondary school vocabulary to elementary.... Our -Planet Earth- has been read by as many as ten million young people and their teachers. Maybe a few million others have also had a read. It's not a small number of readers. Hopefully, every one of them shares the spark of global cultural education. Jerome Malkan and the East Penn School District Board of Education permitted me to help teachers develop an articulated K-12 curriculum in all subject areas for a community of students who in the beginning were performing at the lowest percentile (1) in the State of Pennsylvania in terms of "understanding others." Few in those village schools went on to college. First graders did not have textbooks or sufficient ancillary reading and learning materials. I was accused publicly of being "for libraries" and chastised for providing free hearing aids for deaf

children. Indeed, there was work to do in America. there still is. Today, that suburban-rural K-12 curriculum continues. No one has been able to untrain the teachers, burn the books cause students to unlearn. Carl Trollinger says they can't unravel it.... My friend and colleague Kenneth Wesser continues to teach there, assuring that the truth is told and peaceful ways of coping are learned. Ken circumnavigated the world long before I did. He overcomes every handicap and challenge anti-education forces muster, teaches what needs to be taught. He and Carl were first class supervisors, knew their cultures, allowed me to help things along. Sui generis. How better to explain why some excel like Ken? Why we got started....? Why?

- o Complex behaviors are learned while observing and participating in complex behaviors. What is to be learned can be modeled, demonstrated and practiced in families and communities and schools. When what is to be learned is not modeled, demonstrated, but only advocated, learners are unlikely to adopt it. Only fools pretend that they will. Whatever complex behaviors are modeled will be learned. If learners are then punished, madness will be the result. Thomas Szaz teaches that schizophrenia and paranoia are normal adaptations to schizophrenic paranoiac society. Leaders lead or people manifest abnormal behavior. When abnormal behavior becomes typical, healing change requires special patience and long term perspectives.
- o Two pathetic instances warrant analysis. Ironies. They've been covered over by the dust and balm of many years. They were the only two experiences which I wish could have turned out differently. In both cases, I was helpless. I wrote a book for a series of high school paperbacks on issues in the mid-1970's: "Japan Faces Modernization." It started out as a publisher-editor assigned title, "Japan Faces Alienation." But that was wrong and didn't work out. If Japanese were suffering alienation in the 1970's, it was amazingly helpful. The proposed title said everything about what was wrong between our two cultures. Everywhere I looked, the references were positive toward Japanese progress. It was accepted that they were "modernizing." I hoped that Americans would be able to accommodate that. For sure, I was a Japanophile, respectful. It seemed to me that they were leading and likely

to accelerate. I was trained as a historian to let primary documents tell the story, not force a bias on the material. Years before I had developed -The Monroe Doctrine, Does It Exist?-, for Bob Madgic and Scolastic Press. It sold well. Having been to Japan; having switched to Toyota's and Honda's along with the Minolta, tofu, shoyu, udon, and ramen; having Japanese friends keeping me informed of their progress - I had a sense of how fast they were moving and how we were not allowing ourselves in this country to grow or save. Things went back and forth. A young sociologist thought that students "couldn't read" material "so difficult." I'd done doctoral research and spent years demonstrating that they could and would. An editor at Prentice-Hall was unsure. Sales had dropped on similar publications. I was told that "People aren't interested in reading about Japan." It was no problem, I got to keep the advance. My ego was unhurt. I felt very sorry for America and Americans. I could see that Americans were symbolically putting their heads in the sand.... An agent carried that manuscript to several other publishers before we quit. Recidivism had set in. I made a prediction that Japanese energy would come to threaten us as it did in the 1930's. It was no wish, but a dread. The problem is not in the Japanese. They are understandable. It is in Americans who do not understand either others or themselves. We must curb our addictions. To compete we must consume less and produce more and better. Any child can understand this. It is not what is taught in school. Truth and I were not in the right place at the right time. Someone needs to write a new book: "The United States Faces Modernization." Children could understand that topic too. Whomever uses one fourth the energy units to produce materials outpaces those insisting on continuing to use three times more.

The second regret is similarly reflective. I was again in the wrong place at the wrong time. In 1979, there seemed to be a resurgence of interest in our field of global cultural studies. So I wrote a proposal for USOE to extend the FIELDSTAFF PERSPECTIVES by developing materials on Southeast Asia. The approval process went on so long that the calendar had turned to 1980 and I was leaving Research for Better Schools where we had a successful citizen education program operating in Philadelphia, Camden, Lancaster and

Wilmington. I was in an intro-cultural studies phase working with black, Hispanic, Asian and other minorities along with whites who were minorities and majorities in different middle and junior high schools. Again, the government had decided to "shift priorities." I wanted out of the pendular cycle. Finally, the USOE offered to fund the Asian materials development, yet I'd made other commitments and couldn't turn back. Already, I had accepted another position and it has proved a good one. I left RBS and forgot about writing that proposal. Years later, I learned my former boss's boss tried to get the funding through every means possible, even though he had neither background, staff or interest. It made me sick to think that anyone would do such a thing just for the money. I realized as never before, finally learning "following cognitive dissonance," that some people view global cultural studies and multi-cultural education only as routes to money. I was over fifty years old and still that naive. The man did not want to achieve anything, only capture positive cash flow. My friend waited years before telling me this tale. I failed by not closing and locking the proposal application door. I had nearly fueled exploitation. What saved the day was integrity among USOE staff members. I know who they are and honor them. Again, I learned that we have many more friends than we realize and that good people act wisely, even in decadent bureaucracies. Bad people act foolishly, even in benevolent organizations. Bigots exist, thieves undermine much of the good that is done.

- o People change and people don't change. Our euphoria over global cultural empathy and understanding is shaken by the realities of current daily cruelties. Things get better and they get worse. If some love the world more now, others are killing their own relatives and ethnic resurgence is bringing conflicts. (Have we changed the world? Hardly. But neither have we totally failed. And, perhaps, we've only just begun. Families raised, maybe we can again serve the cause.... We swam and swim in a river ever flowing, much larger than ourselves.) I'm in correspondence still with Singapore, Japan, and Korea, have added India and Lithuania. Traveling around the world last year, I found it different, changed, and the same. There is notable, commendable progress. "Development" isn't all bad. I like seeing all the young

people wearing the same t-shirts and denims of a new global culture with universal language born through the Beatles. But schools remain all too boring and provincial in perspective. What students needed in the 1960's and 1970's would be timely today. Does this ever change? There is always a need for curriculum revolution. Professionals needing closure would never adjust to this type of work.

- o It does not follow that teaching learners about others, other cultures, will lead to either like or dislike. Learners are individuals. Dick Gross taught me that American students may be transported abroad and cared for nicely, still react negatively. There are reasons for this. But it can happen. Nor ought the rationale for global cultural education be to like those in other societies, but to understand them. Margaret Mead told me that if one wanted to study culture any family of more than two would be sufficient. She also advised that when languages are taught, the minimum ought to be three. "Only then," she said, "will they begin to see the patterns, the commonalities of all languages." I took that to heart, translating it to encourage learner's studying at least three cultures other than their own, and at least three sub-cultures within their own. Formulas can be too petty in the social sciences, but this one seems to make sense and likely to generate compound positive effects.
- o Geographic and historical education have declined in status, perhaps irreversibly. They were in bad shape two decades ago, seem morbid today. Social science terminology may be on the tips of more tongues and anthropological perspectives quite acceptable. It is possible to have lovely mental images of the whole earth in space and be absolutely ignorant regarding how it functions. My three children have all graduated from the "finest" school system in Pennsylvania. Each was bored most of the time, what they were required to regurgitate in terms of social studies was incorrect often. I told them to do what the teacher wanted. Get the grades and move on. At home we had discussions and we traveled. United States school students suffer severe deficits in geographical and historical awareness. Ignorance and disinterest are rife. Problems we set out to remediate remain to haunt and the disorientation may in fact have grown worse.

Well, we were aborted by the authorities not by students, teachers or the market. Maybe this situation is what they deserve or wanted. It may be that a historicity is desirable, for those official national histories we learned in the 1940's were mythical fabrications. Surely, though, every student ought to well know the globe.

- o Learning is a change of state following a period of cognitive dissonance (Oswald, 1967). No pain, no gain. "You really gotta wanna" as Bob Mager put it. Learning changes people or it is not learning. Our materials tested this hypothesis. Teaching and learning are hard work. John Dewey said "we learn by doing." Those who face problems and struggle through them learn. But no one can learn for another. Each has to learn how to swim, alone. There is fear of changing and of being changed, so school learning is often approached cautiously. Deep learning produces deep changes. After learning takes place, things cannot continue as before. (We sought understanding in a culture where acquaintance and familiarity were deemed sufficient. American values include greed and avarice, self-centeredness over self-awareness. There is hero worship, and then heroes are toppled. No one is allowed to stay on top very long. With good reason, politicians and others in power are mistrusted. This is a racist culture and we are violent. Margaret Mead and Karl Menninger in 1942, and I in 1972 realized and struggled with the fact that Americans often have negative self images, viewing themselves as "-not- black, queer, communist, Jewish...." The current distortion is belief that we cannot make things as well as Japanese and Germans can. Drug usage, alcohol, tobacco, gun bearing, animal slaughter, gambling, automobile aggression are all reflections of the same insecurity. Americans, all too often, do not know who they are. It's a pity, shameful in human terms, yet understandable given our history. By conventional standards, we cared too much, tried too hard. We learned that helping students and teachers, nationally, to understand a complex interdependent world of diverse peoples, including our own, is not easy. Our people in this country need further global cultural education. "Globalize and Humanize," never stop.
- o Projects are wonderful short term efforts to pull people together in teamwork to accomplish some goal. Resources are always present, if one can

see them. Human ingenuity can be counted on to surge forward where there's a problem which intrigues - unless there is repression which may include unresolved and unconscious conflicts or power being misused. Leadership must see the problem, step out and try to wrestle with it, express a vision. The art is, I think, in constructing and clarifying goals. These should pull forward, incessantly. There has to be commitment, persistence, integrity for anything worthwhile to accrue. This is how things should be, not how they are. The power elite in the mid-1970's grew tired of education, turned inward. Regrettably, national leaders of the 1970's chose to redefine "international and intercultural" as "national and multi-ethnic" and thereby an era collapsed around us, cheating all. The U.S.O.E. was required to divide funds among many ethnic groups in a charade in which few received more than \$8,000 for a project. As I remember, the average was two or three thousand dollars. For a national project? There was no sincerity. Just politics. Gone was any pretense of interest in global concerns. And haven't we reaped the whirlwind? It was a dodge and deception of the lowest order, a high level unethical scam. Brilliant politics though. The perpetrators knew exactly what they were doing as the same fellows do now when they scare people regarding social security. "Spook em," then harvest their votes.... I learned that politicians control United States education and they do not really like honest analysis, deep questions or respect universal truths. Politicians have much more realistic, immediate concerns: getting re-elected. What we call "education" in the U.S. is a series of semi-conscious efforts rarely well aimed or directed. We observe "flopping around" and insincerity. Progress surges forward, and backward. There are movements and whiplashes. It is unstable enterprise. The Khmer Rouge and every power elite realize that educated citizens are a threat to them. Educational projects come and go, they have only a moment to make their mark. To live with integrity is the only way to survive in this tempest, to oneself be true.

- o My mentor from age twelve, Richard Buckminster Fuller clarified some basic concepts we all understand, yet too seldom teach. Among ten hundred million suns and the planets which orbit them there is only one earth. It is the

green and blue planet. This spaceship hurtled by cosmic winds gathers star dust of which we are constructed. There is, on earth, only one ocean, one continent, one people among eight hundred million lifeforms. It is the carbon planet. Everything organic is made up of carbon. All life depends on chlorophyll which converts solar radiation into complex sugars. Everything is connected to everything, we part of a whole. Everything here and in universe is made up of infinitesimal triangles which form tetrahedrons. Five billion human beings inhabit earth. Most live on the land perimeter near ocean where mean annual low temperature does not drop below thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit. Of these people, most are extremely poor and live at subsistence levels barely permitting survival. Fewer than a billion of these creatures are considered white. More than a billion are Chinese, nearly another billion Indian. There are not many Africans, but more than four fifths of earth people are dark skinned. Colored is the norm and no one is truly white, everyone is colored to some degree. Most of the young people and those of fertile age are non-white. There are not too many people. If every human were moved into the forty-eight states, population density would only be that of contemporary Holland. The Dutch are not starving, they produce surpluses of food which are exported. The most crowded places on earth are not Africa, South and Central America, India, China. They are Holland and England and Germany and Java. The population problem is a deception. Ronald Reagan stopped the murder of millions of fetuses by U.S. government sponsored abortion programs in the dark skinned developing countries which Lyndon Johnson had started. Every day, every year, earth produces sufficient food and fiber for everyone. There is enough to go around. We have a poor distribution system and historically unfair division and usage of resources. Subsistence can be a "good Life" as Scott and Helen Nearing here, Mohandas Ghandi and others elsewhere have demonstrated. Hannah Arendt ferreted out the problem, it is will and lack of will. Where there's a will there's a way. Elie Weisel came out of the flames of Auschwitz to remind us that the great sin is "indifference." Bucky said "the world needs a design revolution." Japanese and Germans have demonstrated a peaceful one. It's not too late. The world is shaking. We were designed for success. Five hundred million

people lack homes. It is possible, desirable for everyone on earth to have sufficient food, clothing, and shelter. It is proper to work to achieve this and wrong to oppose it. We are all, first, human beings and citizens of the world. Earth belongs to everyone. No one has a right to damage it. The minority who do the most damage deserve the most pain. There is no way that most people can ever eat what the rich people eat, drive automobiles and live in large, energy wasteful houses. The western high-technology energy consuming and pollution generating lifestyle is not sustainable, already its costs are too high. Life can be beautiful. There are healthier, better lifestyles than waste. Life quality is not the same as consumption quantity. There is no advantage to having a wastrel middle-class killing itself by overconsuming, dying of the diseases once affordable only to royal families and rich merchants. We know better than that. We can act. The so-called "poor" have much to teach the "rich. The enemy is ignorance, education is the solution, positive change is required.

- o Global education can be in the forefront as the new global world-class culture is begun. We could be very helpful to Mr. Gorbachov and Mr. Bush and the fifty governors who have been assigned by the president to come together with consensus on national educational goals.... Or, we may sit on the sidelines. I am active, and think every citizen should be, in expressing goals and values I hold dear. It's a life raft, this planet, if it's not good for everyone then it won't be good for anyone. Species can disappear. Families are supposed to stick together.
- o Early in the 1970's, listening to authorities quibble over "loyalty" and "allegiance to the flag," I drafted a pledge which made sense to me. United Nations publications picked it up, the New York Times allowed it in print and Houghton-Mifflin used it in several of the Windows on Our World publications. Thus far, I have not persuaded President Bush to recite it, nor would any of his predecessors since its humble origin. It receives a warm response however, when used in public addresses thus far. I wrote it to share and take this opportunity to reiterate.

Pledge of Allegiance to Humankind

I pledge allegiance to humankind,
and to the universe in which we dwell.
For we are one people, on planet earth,
striving for justice for all lifeforms.

It's my gift. It's what I have learned and what
I am about.

- o No one is more appreciative and respectful of the Declaration of Independence and Constitution of the United States than I am. We display the flag at our home, it I revere. My spine tingles when I hear the Star Spangled Banner, America and Amazing Grace played and sung. I pay taxes happily and plant trees. It is my duty to share with others through charity, to be generous with whomever has less or needs support. This is my culture, I know who I am and where I am headed. In the Army, I was trained and obedient, respectful of the flag and the symbolism associated with it. As an officer, I was often assigned to burn soiled and damaged flags, ceremoniously. We had to have witnesses. I am aware, nevertheless, that Betsy Ross made quite a few flags and the one which finally was accepted was based on that of the British East India Company which flew it over Calcutta. When Francis Scott Key wrote his stanzas on board a British ship in Baltimore Harbor, he and everyone was aware that this ship was named Calcutta. The spice industry of Baltimore has roots connecting with India, British colonial companies and our national flag design. It's a "grand old flag" and very useful. In a crisis, however, I will nevertheless strive to save people and not things. Nothing is destroyed when something burns, only forms change. Sometimes it is important to make strong, offensive statements. Patriotism is not just going along. If I see a flag burning demonstration, I will observe but not participate. If police or soldiers beat or attempt to shoot the dissidents, I will defend their right to express the pain they feel. And I may empathize with both honor guard and citizen protestors. Fire is a very ancient purificatory symbol, with water and earth basic and universal. Fire was worshipped before flags existed. If burning should be made illegal, then dissidence could be expressed by dousing or washing the flag. Progressive democracies are

based on tolerance and freedom of expression. People who understand human culture realize that. Dissidence has a place in human society. There is a time for flag burning. This is a complex situation we live in. Flags are artifacts of the age of nationalism. Before that, they were emblems of armies, families and tribes. Flags are important symbols, every goodness may be attributed to them. Symbols are not reality. Making an issue of this type of dissidence is a diversion from more crucial issues. Centering on it is subterfuge. This is one of America's least pressing real problems. Flag burning is rare and intended to attract attention, provoke discussion. To my knowledge, no one is burning copies of the "Bill of Rights" or U. S. Constitution. That would be a problem. If authorities should burn these documents, we would be in terrible trouble. Then, we'd have to fall back on that primary original U.S. document and symbol, the Declaration of Independence. Hide it, burn it, deny that it ever existed - and still its vibrations would persist. Thomas Jefferson stated it. People always have the right to express and control their own destiny....

- o I am an American, with genes from every land. I'm a little of everything, Spanish sailor, Amerindian, pilgrim, puritan, Huguenot, every sort of European, a bit of Roman soldier, Roman, Greek, some North African I hope. Moors and Jews came into Spain, my people have always been hospitable. My genealogy contains thousands of family names. Just like everyone's. I have neither more or fewer ancestors than any other American, nor are mine better or more diverse. If one goes back far enough, we've all come from slave stock somewhere, been on winning and losing sides of war and change. Everyone should be proud of their ancestry and present self, global cultural education teaches that we are all interrelated and interdependent. My particular name came from Scotland through central Europe. It originated, I believe, just as the cow did, and calico, pajama, pants and paisley prints, in India where Bombay and other telephone books still list many with this old trading family name. "Oswal Agro" is bringing soybean production to India. I am proud of that. The name means, spirit of the woods and that I am. My genealogy suggests that I am like everyone, connected with everyone, no foreigner to

anyone.

- o For awhile, it was my privilege to help center attention on the spaceship whereon we dwell. We sang songs of global education. Those were halcyon days. I will never forget or regret them. "Wasn't that a time?" Didn't we have fun? Aren't we glad we did?
- o Jewish merchants purchased three used ships and hired Christopher Columbus to sail them. The objective was to regain trade with India which had been cut off and co-opted by rising Islam. No sooner had the Nina, Pinta and Santa Maria departed, than King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella ordered all "non-Christians out of Spain." Unaware of this, Columbus and crew sailed on west. Mr. Columbus planted a royal flag with some Latin words based on Sanskrit. "Ne Plus Ultra." I take it as my motto and that of global education. Translated to English, also based on Sanskrit, the words mean: "More to come." Selah. Haribol. Hurrah. Hallelujah. More to come....
- o None of our efforts in global education through curriculum and instructional development projects have been nearly so influential as television broadcasts from outer space and the many regions and cultures of the world. Nor have we moved people as deeply as the music, drama and art of our era. Just consider the movies.... And the books.... So called "Rock Stars" have led as we have never imagined, their tone poems excite and direct. School teachers, pedantic practitioners, we have shared words, maps, pictures, sounds and tried to engage young people ethically in classrooms, urging them to reflect on themselves and meaning, "world cultures", and humaneness. No more could we do. Let us applaud the poets and learn every wholesome global understanding tune. Television is reality and we should use it. The media have drawn us closer together. Hurrah.
- o Curriculum development is a river, it needs input from many fresh springs. We look forward urging young people, the new curriculum and instructional developers, to build their own bridges of understanding, never quit or despair, keep on trying. Politicians can't hurt us so long as democracy holds. Elders should remind of opportunities. Each generation has to learn anew.

- o Love. It is most important. Ours was a labor of love which has been returned in good measure. We loved students and teachers, America and the world, cultures we were studying, the chance to participate in something good and larger than ourselves or time. Love is the essence of what we wanted to share.

- o I am not this body, but a spirit-soul. This earth is not my eternal home, but a stopping place for experience. Since I stepped into that Hindu Temple on Orchard Road in Singapore, in June of 1967, life has been richer and I have been re-connected with the cosmos. Most visitors see a side altar there of nine cast iron monkeys wrapped with simple red cloth. They conclude that these are monkey worshippers, wonder, and depart satisfied that such people are wrong. If one asks a priest, however, what is the meaning, he may open a door and permit entrance to the area, pointing up. Those who raise their heads then will see that above each monkey is an image on the ceiling, of a planet, there are exactly nine. Things are not always as they appear from one perspective, a variety of perspectives ought to be tried. We are surrounded by illusions. They are not reality. We can always look through problems and find solutions, look through others and discover ourselves. We are transmigrating space travelers who do not need rockets or capsules. What is real is vibration Everything in universe is vibration: light, sound, elements, chemicals, plants. We are all vibrating and one of the loveliest songs is the melody we call global education. It is sweet, ought to be sung loud and clear. Anyone can save the world if they will.

So, of global and global cultural education, what did we learn? That the future is always aborning, ever there are new and better ways. School culture ought to be studying human behavior patterns every potentially useful way. Reflection is the method of education. It's not esoteric to understand others, but essential. We would do well to study others' perceptions of us. Listen to the children, they always know what is going on, until their minds are clouded over. Education is an opening up process which precludes beclouding and prepares individuals to resist the stupid behaviors of those with closed minds. What anyone can do, most others can learn to do. Everyone is important. The most important office in a democracy is citizen. If you save one person you save the whole world. Nothing is more vital or difficult than truly understanding ourselves. We finish

where we started, sui generis, with questions to share....

Who are you?

What are you doing?

How are you changing?

Where are you headed?

What will you be in the future?

(Paper presented as part of a symposium on globally-focused curriculum projects of the 1960's and 1970's, at the Annual meeting of the Social Science Education Consortium, Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois, June 21, 1990.)